DARK HORSE COMICS

ISSUE 3

BILL & TED ARE DOOMED

EVAN DORKIN

ROGER LANGRIDGE

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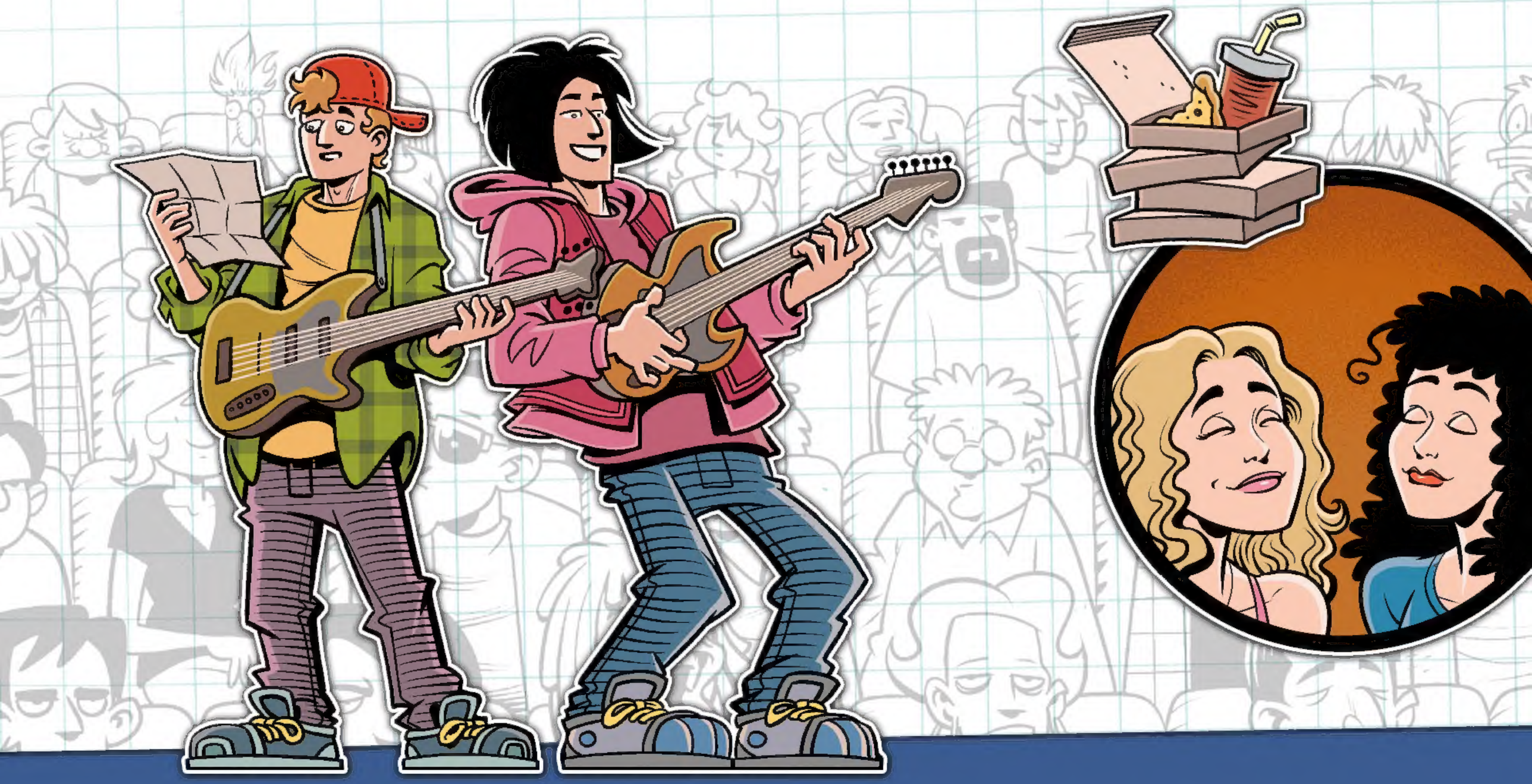


LATER, IN THE FUTURE...

Excellent

WYLD STALLYNS

HEINOUS

WILLIAM S. PRESTON, Esq. DIED 2018

TED "THEODORE" LOGAN DIED 2018

PRETZELS 'n' CHEESE

WILL ROCK FOR RECOGNITION

PHONE

I DON'T UNDERSTAND -- WHAT ON EARTH *IS* ALL THIS?

THAT'S JUST IT. IT ISN'T JUST ONE EARTH. OR *UNIVERSE,* EVEN.

SINCE THE MAIN MONITOR WAS REPAIRED, WE'VE STARTED RECEIVING DATA NOT JUST FROM *OUR* PAST --

REBUILDING OUR FUTURE (IF WE HAVE ONE)

LOOSE LIPS CAUSE TIME SLIPS

-- BUT FROM ACROSS *TIME, SPACE,* AND *OTHER DIMENSIONS.* AND ALMOST EVERY POTENTIAL OUTCOME SHOWS BILL AND TED *FAILING* TO WRITE THE ONE SONG.

WE'RE GOING TO NEED A BIGGER TURNTABLE TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL THIS. WHICH COULD TAKE *YEARS. DECADES,* PERHAPS.

IT'S *CONCEIVABLE* THAT BILL AND TED WILL WRITE THE SONG BY THEN. IF *NOT,* FOR REALITY'S SAKE --

"-- LET'S JUST HOPE THEY STAY OUT OF *TROUBLE!*"

SISTERS AND BROTHERS! THE TIME HAS COME TO *SACRIFICE* THESE *FALSE PROPHETS* ON THE *UNHOLY ALTAR* OF *EVIL METAL! TO SLAY BILL AND TED!*

THIS IS *NOT* GOOD. WE ARE *TOTALLY* OUTNUMBERED BY AN ENTIRE *SUBGENRE OF METAL,* REPLETE WITH SHARP IMPLEMENTS AND QUESTIONABLE FASHION CHOICES.

YAH. YOU COULD SAY WE'RE TRAPPED BETWEEN A *ROCK FESTIVAL* AND A *HARD PLACE.*

WHO ALLOWED THIS *AFFRONT* TO TAKE PLACE? THIS *SIEGE* ON OUR LAND, THIS *STAIN* ON OUR INAUGURAL EVENT? *TELL ME!*

WHO @#€$☠%! BOOKED WYLD STALLYNS?!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

HERE HE IS, YOUR MOST DARK HORRIBLENESS.

DEATH TO THE BOOKERS OF FALSE METAL!

BOOOOOOOO!

I--I DIDN'T KNOW! WE NEEDED A REPLACEMENT FOR *GOATSTRANGLER* AFTER THEY WERE ARRESTED FOR STEALING TIRES!

TH-THEY CALLED ME! I THOUGHT THEY WERE A DEATH METAL BAND BECAUSE OF THE *BASSIST --*

TRAITOR! USURPER! INTO THE SEA WITH HIM! INTO THE SEA OF EVIL!

AAAAAGH!!!

WHOA, UNCOOL, DUDE! YOU SHOULD AT LEAST HAVE LET HIM TAKE HIS GLASSES OFF!

YAH, REALLY, YOUR MOST AWFULNESS. YOU'VE GOT ANGER ISSUES WITH US, NOT THAT POOR LITTLE GUY.

DEATH

PURELY UNFOUNDED, BECAUSE WE TOTALLY DIDN'T COME HERE TO INSULT OR AFFRONT ANYBODY!

WE CAME TO PLAY MUSIC! TO ROCK!

YAH, DUDES! WE'RE HERE TO UNITE YOU! NOT TO FIGHT YOU!

HELLPOUNDER. BREAK THEM INTO BITE-SIZE PIECES.

WE SHOULD RUN, NOW!

WHICH WAY?

THIS WAY?

NO WAY!

YES WAY!

THAT WAY?

STOP THEM! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

SORRY, DUDE, BUT WE HAVE TO CANCEL THIS DATE! CATCH YOU LATER!

DEATH

WHOA! LOOK AT DEATH GO! FEAR THE REAPER, EVIL METAL DUDES!

WHO KNEW HE WAS CAPABLE OF SUCH STELLAR PUGILISM?

I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT I'M DOING!

I JUST DON'T WANT ANY OF THESE UNWASHED SIMIANS TOUCHING MY RO--!

HUURRK--!

NYAAAAAHHH!

CLUBBACLUM

OH, THIS IS NOT GOOD --

C'MON, EVERYONE, GET UP!

WE CAN'T! WE'RE DOOMED, DUDES!

TOTALLY DOOMED DUDES!

Metal

HONNK HONNNNNK

SKREEEEEEEE

WYLD STALLYNS

WHUMP

ZAHIR! YES WAY!

Metal

EXCELLENT CAVALRY, DUDE!

GET IN! AND HOLD *TIGHT!* THIS IS GOING TO BE *MUCH* MORE THAN A BUMPY RIDE!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

TO YOUR STEEDS, MY METAL BRETHREN! LET US CRY HAVOC --

VRRR!! BRRRM BRRMMMMM

-- AND LET LOOSE THE SNOWMOBILES OF WAR!

SNOWMOBILES?! NO WAY! THEY'RE WAY FASTER THAN OUR TRUSTY-BUT-RUSTY MINIBUS!

WHAT A TOTAL WASTE OF OUR "GET-OUT-OF-EVIL-METALFEST-FREE CARD"!

ZAHIR -- LOOK OUT! YOU'RE HEADING FOR THAT POST, DUDE!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! IT'S JUST COMPLETELY INSANE AND COULD RESULT IN ALL OUR DEATHS!

SO EVERYONE HOLD ON AND THINK GOOD THOUGHTS!

BRRRMMMR

OUR EXCELLENT WIVES AND DAUGHTERS!

OUR EXCELLENT DAUGHTERS AND HUSBANDS!

BABY RED PANDAS!

NOT DYING!

SKREEEEK

KRUNK!

KRRAK!

KRRAKKAKROOOOOM

THAT WAS *AMAZING*, ZAHIR! YOU JUST SAVED OUR LIVES!

HEY-- WHY ARE WE *SLOWING DOWN?*

CHUGGIDA-CHUGGIDA-CHUGGIDA

VRRRRRMM

WE'RE STUCK ON AN *INCLINE!* THE BUS IS TOO HEAVY TO MAKE IT!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

UHHH, *GUYS?* I HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT THOSE LUNATICS ARE *STILL* COMING AFTER US!

QUICKLY! WE HAVE TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD! GET RID OF *DEAD WEIGHT!*

EXCUSE ME?

DON'T *REAP TO CONCLUSIONS,* DUDE! I THINK HE MEANS *INANIMATE OBJECTS!*

MY BASS! YOU--YOU DID THAT ON *PURPOSE!*

WE CAN ALWAYS GET NEW *EQUIPMENT,* DUDE! WE CAN'T ALWAYS GET NEW *USSES!*

GOODBYE, MOST FAVORITE GUITAR! YOU'LL FOREVER SHRED IN MY DREAMS!

IT'S NOT *ENOUGH!* STILL TOO *HEAVY!*

WELL, TED. I THINK WE KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO.

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

YAH, DUDE.

ZAHIR! HIT THE GAS!
PEDAL TO THE METAL, DUDE! JUST DO IT!
CATCH YOU *LATER*, FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES!
HAVE A MOST *EXCELLENT* ESCAPE!
WHAT THE--?
VROOOOOM
OH, NO! NO!
ZAHIR! WE HAVE TO GO BACK!
I'M SORRY, JOANNA. BUT THE BEST THING WE CAN DO IS FIND SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN GET HELP!
YOU HAD *NO RIGHT* TO TAKE ME WITH YOU!
RELAX, DUDE. ENJOY THE CHIVALRY.
SO WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO *NOW?* CHALLENGE THEM TO A GAME OF *HANGRY, HANGRY HIPPOS?*
I *WISH!* WE'D *TOTALLY* GOBBLE UP THOSE *MARBLES!*
WE HAVE A MORE *PRACTICAL* PLAN, DUDE. IT GOES LIKE *THIS* --
RUN TO THE HILLS!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
OR YOUR *DEATH*, DUDE!
JUST *RUN* IF YOU *EVER* WANT TO SEE *SAN DIMAS* AGAIN!

WHOA. I'VE NEVER SEEN A HOUSE WITHOUT *BOOKS* BEFORE, BILLIE.

NOT EVEN THOSE OLD OCCULT BOOKS MISSY USED TO MESS AROUND WITH.

DON'T REMIND ME, THEA. I *STILL* CAN'T BELIEVE MY STEP-GRANDMOTHER SENT OUR DEAD DADS TO *HELL*.

I CAN'T BELIEVE NONE OF OUR RELATIVES WILL BELIEVE THE STORIES OUR DADS TELL THEM.

HMM. MAYBE THAT'S A *GOOD* THING.

STATION.

SO -- TV OR VIDEO GAMES?

WHY NOT *BOTH?*

A MOST *EXCELLENT* NOTION.

-- WHERE APPARENTLY THE FREEZING NORSEMAN OPEN AIR METALFEST HAS SHUT DOWN, DUE TO A MASSIVE RIOT BREAKING OUT AS THE BAND WYLD STALLYNS WENT ON --

June TV

FROZEN METALFEST FRENZY

WHAT!?!

WE NEED TO GET HELP. *EXPERT* HELP.

YAH. WE NEED TO GO HOME.

GOOD-GOOOO!

GOOO-GOOOO-GA-GAAGAAA!

BOOP-BOOP-BOOP-DA-DA-DAA-DA-DAA!

IPPY-IPP-OOM-BA-BA-GOOO-GOO-GAH!

GREEETINGS, DUUDES.

STATION!

THAANK YOU FOR THE MOST ***EXCELLENT INNFANTS!*** WE KNOW WE PROMISED THIS WAS TRULY THE ***LAST*** FAVOR WE'D AAASK --

--AAND WE ***TOTALLY*** MEANT IT! ONLY WE FORGOT ***ONE SMMALL THING*** TO TRULY ENSURE OUR DOMESTIC BLISS.

HOUSES!

STAAAAAATION!

LASSST ONE, WE SWEAR!

NO BACKSIES!

SLAMM

STATION

STATION

STATION

STATION

STATION...

TED -- *HUFF* -- WE *KEEP RUNNING*, BUT I'M *STILL* NOT SEEING ANY HILLS TO RUN *TO!*

I *KNOW*, BILL! I *DID* SEE A SORT OF *MOUND* OR *HILLOCK*, BUT I DOUBT ALL THREE OF US CAN HIDE BEHIND IT!

W-WAIT UP FOR ME!

DUDE, *REALLY?* WE'RE RUNNING FOR OUR *LIVES* HERE!

YOU SHOULD'VE WORN MORE *SENSIBLE CLOTHING* FOR AN ESCAPE!

OH, *EXCUSE ME!* AND JUST *WHY* ARE WE RUNNING FROM AN ANGRY MOB? COULD IT BE BECAUSE THE *TWO OF YOU* ARE *COMPLETE* AND *TOTAL* --

WHOA, DUDE, *WATCH OUT* -- !

OWWW!

OOOOF!

AAUUGH!

AAAAAAAAAAGHH!

FLOOMPF!

WHOAAAAAAAAA--!

SNAPP

WHOAAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!

BRRUMMMMBLE

CRACK

AAAAAGGGGHHH!

I'M ALL *SWEATY* FROM RUNNING. MOIST IN PLACES THAT *TOTALLY* BETTER NOT *FREEZE.*

THIS TOTALLY ISN'T HOW I SAW THE TOUR GOING.

YAH.

AT LEAST WE'RE MAKING OUR GETAWAY.

TRUE. I JUST WISH WE KNEW WHERE WE WERE GETTING AWAY *TO.*

YAH. SERIOUS *ICE-MELVIN* IF A SEVERE *COLD FRONT* COMES IN.

WHOA, I JUST *REMEMBERED! DEATH,* CAN'T YOU JUST *TRANSPORT* US OUT OF HERE?

THAT'S RIGHT!

I CAN'T. I HAVE NO REAPING POWERS WHILE I'M ON LEAVE TO BE IN THIS STUPID, STUPID BAND.

A DECISION I WILL *REGRET* FOR THE REST OF MY AFTERLIFE.

SO... I GUESS WE MIGHT BE HERE A WHILE.

WE COULD PLAY *TWENTY QUESTIONS* TO PASS THE TIME!

OKAY. DEATH, YOU GO FIRST.

FORGET IT. I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANY OF YOUR *STUPID* GAMES.

WHOA. WHO PUT A *DEAD BUG* UP YOUR BUTT, DUDE?

C'MON, DEATH. PICK SOMETHING, PLAY ALONG! IT'LL BE *FUN!*

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. FINE.

I PICKED SOMETHING. ASK YOUR QUESTION.

OKAY, ARE YOU... A *CHARCOALIZARD?*

THAT'S *TOTALLY* WHAT *I* WAS GONNA ASK!

HEY... I DON'T HEAR US ROLLING NOW.

YAH. BUT -- WE'RE STILL MOVING.

WHICH MUST MEAN --

AAAAAAAAAGH!

-- WE'RE TOTALLY FREE FALLING!

AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHH!

SPUNCH

CRAKKAK

STATIONS!

UM... THEA? ARE THOSE ROBOT MOMS? AND ROBOT... USSES?

LET IT GO, BILLIE -- ONE CRAZINESS AT A TIME!

STRRRTION!!

BANG BANG BANG

STATIONS! CAN YOU HEAR US? IT'S THEA AND BILLIE!

WE NEED YOUR HELP! OUR DADS AND MOMS ARE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!

BANG BANG

OH, NO! THE REAL USSES NEEED HELLP!

THAAT'S WHY WE WERE BUILT! TO HELLLP THEMM!

WE'LL HELLLP, TOO!

STATION!

I KNOW WE ALL ASK A LOT OF YOU --

-- BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO!

CRREEEEEAAK

STATION!

STATION?

STATION!

STATION!

FWOOOP

THUNKK

BZZZAAT

STATION!

WHOAAA...

WHOA... I FEEL LIKE I ATE A *HUNDRED AND TWENTY SEVEN* SNOW-CONES.

I FEEL LIKE ALL MY *BLOOD* WAS TURNED INTO A *SLUSHIE*. CORPUSCLES *AND* PLATELETS INCLUDED.

WELCOME
TO THE FUTURE EMPIRE OF EVIL METAL
POPULATION: 666 AND GROWING
EMPEROR IN CHARGE: HIS DARK HORRIBLENESS,
THE VILE EMPEROR
REMEMBER! TOGETHER WE CAN
STRANGLE FALSE METAL!
IF YOU SEE OR HEAR FALSE METAL –
REPORT IT!

OH. THIS BODES MOST UNWELL.

UGH. WHERE ARE WE?

EVIL METAL EMPIRE, DUDE. A FULLY WICKED MUNICIPALITY.

A BOGUS PLACE TO VISIT, AND A TRULY *ODIOUS* PLACE TO LAND IN INSIDE A GIANT SNOWBALL.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M WAY TOO TIRED AND FROZEN TO DO ANY MORE RUNNING.

I CONCUR. MAYBE WE CAN HIDE SOMEWHERE FOR A WHILE.

SOLID METAL GEAR
GIFT SHOP AND EMPORIUM
FOR ALL YOUR BASE METAL NEEDS

WHAT ABOUT IF WE HIDE -- *IN PLAIN SIGHT?*

WHOAAA. CHECK IT OUT!

NOOOO! THIS CANNOT BE HAPPENING!

FIRST THEY RUIN THE FESTIVAL BEFORE WE COULD PERFORM!

THEN THEY DESTROY THE ICE SCULPTURES BEFORE I COULD GET A PICTURE WITH THEM!

AND NOW THIS! THE ENTIRE GIFT SHOP AND EMPORIUM -- WITH ALL OUR EXCLUSIVE MERCHANDISE -- COMPLETELY RUINED!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

NOT SEEING ANY USEFUL TRACKS. BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE TOO FAR.

ALL OF YOU! SPREAD OUT AND FIND THEM! LEAVE NO RUNESTONE UNTURNED!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

THEY MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE!

TED... ONE THING I DON'T GET ABOUT HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT.

WHAT'S THAT?

I CAN TOTALLY SEE US.

YAH. I KNOW. JUST BE GLAD IT'S WORKING ON EVERYONE ELSE.

REMEMBER. WE'RE *TOTALLY* EVIL. SO THINK *EVIL THOUGHTS.*

I'M TRYING, BUT IT'S *HARD.* I CAN *BARELY* REGISTER UNPLEASANT.

I KNOW, DUDE. WE'RE JUST TOO RIGHTEOUS FOR OUR OWN GOOD.

WAIT -- REMEMBER THE EVIL ROBOT USSES CHUCK DE NOMOLOS MADE?

RIGHT! THEY WERE *TOTALLY EVIL!* AND TOTALLY *METAL,* COME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

LET'S TRY TO THINK MORE LIKE *THEM* THAN LIKE *US!*

EVIL US MINDSET! GOT IT!

AHEM! GREETINGS, FELLOW EVIL DUDES. BE *UN-EXCELLENT* TO EACH OTHER!

HOW'S IT HANGING, *FIENDS? HAIL SATAN,* AND ALL THAT *UNHOLY STUFF!*

OH, *DOWN* WITH *FALSE METAL,* BY THE WAY!

YAH, AND *DOWN* WITH *BILL AND TED,* WHILE WE'RE AT IT!

WHEREVER THEY MAY HAPPEN TO BE. *PERSONALLY,* I THINK THEY WENT *HOME!*

GOOD POINT! MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL GO HOME AND GET A *GOOD NIGHT'S REST!*

EVIL NIGHT'S REST, DUDE.

OH, *RIGHT!* A *GOOD* EVIL NIGHT'S REST!

THEY JUST GAVE ME A RIDE HERE. I DON'T KNOW THEM.

WE *TOTALLY* PASSED FOR EVIL! NOW TO SNEAK ON OUT OF HERE.

LET'S WARM UP BY THAT FIRE FIRST. MY OUTER EXTREMITIES ARE EGREGIOUSLY FROZEN.

DEATH TO THE INFIDELS! DEATH TO BILL AND TED!

AND *DEATH* TO THAT DISCOUNT *HALLOWEEN STORE GRIM REAPER* AND HIS *CRAPPY BASS SOLOS!*

HOW--HOW *DARE* THEY? THIS IS AN *OUTRAGE!*

I EXIST TO BE *FEARED* AND *REVERED* BY THE LIKES OF YOU! YOU--YOU--*MORTALS!*

AND MY BASS SOLOS ARE *NOT* CRAP--*MMPHH!*

SHHH! SHUT YOUR DEAD MOUTH, DUDE!

C'MON, WE BETTER SNEAK OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE --

HEY! YOU THREE OVER THERE!

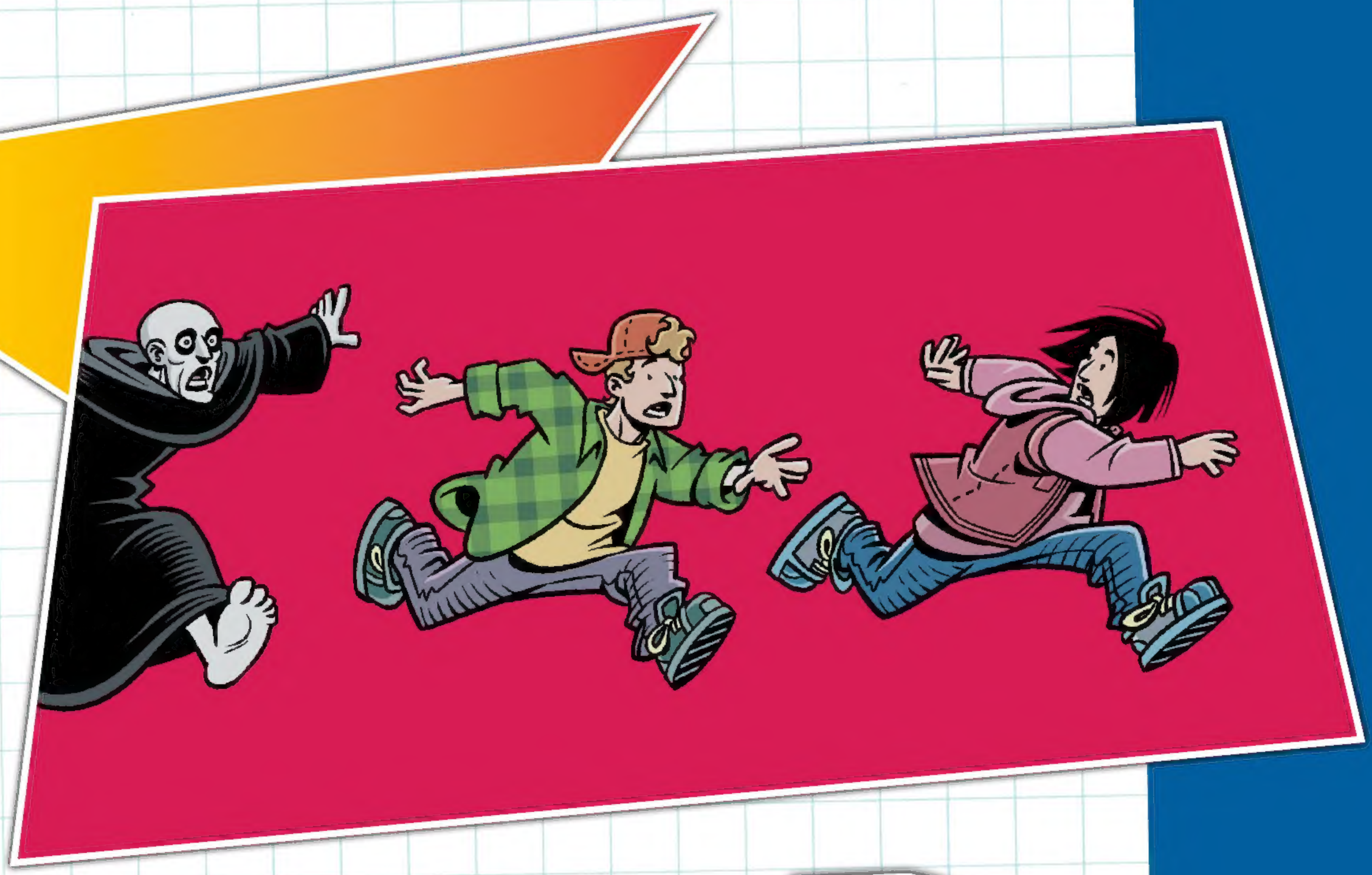
!!!

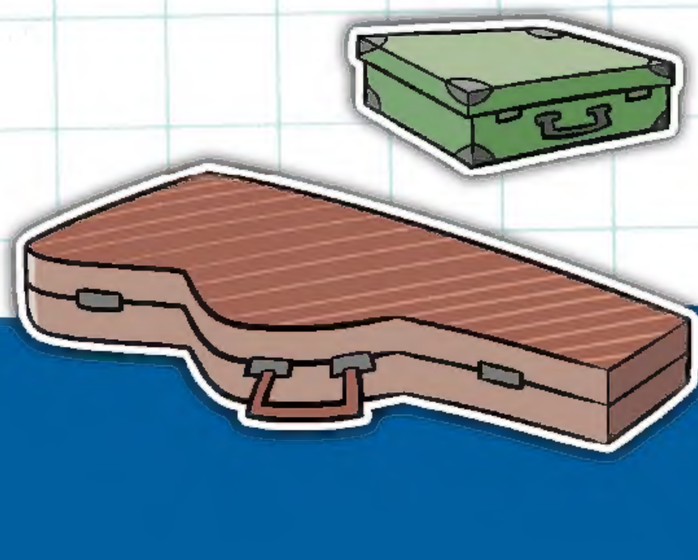
JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?

TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT: ON SALE DECEMBER 9!

The evil metal band Vile Empire unleashes a horde of chaotic trolls to destroy Bill and Ted, while back in San Dimas, the Stations and robots form a plan to try to save their friends. But can help arrive in time to save our most harried heroes, not to mention our totally excellent universe?





SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"